

Published every Thursday Evening by CHAPPEL & BENFER, Proprietors.

Forms of Subscription. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Payable within six months, or \$2.00 if not paid within the year.

Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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The



Post.

VOL. 7.

MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER CO. PA., FEBRUARY 24, 1870.

NO. 50.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One column, one year) and Rate (e.g., \$50.00).

SELECT POETRY.

DON'T TELL IT.

Your neighbor's name, Or your friend's fair fame, And what befell it, In deed or word, You may have heard, Yet pray don't tell it!

If kept within This rumored sin May prove a bubble; If told again, Like shiving grain, 'Twill soon grow double!

Instead of peace, If strife increase, Then 'ry and quell it; Think what you will, Of good or ill, But pray don't tell it.

Some good bestow Even on a foe, Amid your labors: Be true as steel, In soot or coal, To friends and neighbors!

A secret told Hoard up like gold, Nor seek to sell it; Bury it deep, 'Tis yours to keep; Then never tell it!

Why Aunt Sally Never Married

"Now Aunt Sally, do please tell us why you never married. You know you said once that when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised you would tell us all about it, sometime. Now Aunt, please do."

"Well, if I ever did see such girls in all my born days. It's a tease, tease from morning till night, but what you must know all about everything that you haven't any business to know any thing about. Such inquisitive, peevish critters as you are! When I was young, girls was different; they minded their business and didn't gossipy around with a whole string of beaux, getting their heads filled with all kinds of nonsense. I never dared to ask my aunts, married or single, about any of their affairs. Pretty mess I'd have got in if I had. Who they offered to tell me anything of their own accord. I kept my mouth shut and listened. Everything is different now-a-days; young folks have no respect 'r their elders. But as I see I am not going to have any peace till I do tell you, why just listen, and don't let me hear a word out of one of your mouths till I get through."

"That's right Aunt Sally, go right ahead, do and we will keep perfectly still."

"Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it myself I was quite a good-looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy most was a young minister, a very promising young man and remarkable pious and steady. He though a great deal of me, and I kind of took a fancy to him and things ran on till we were engaged."

"One evening he came to me—I remember it as well as if it were only yesterday. When he came into the parlor, where I was sitting alone, he came up to me and—'but now, phaw! girls, I don't like to tell the rest.'"

"Oh, Aunt Sally, for mercy sake don't stop; tell us what he did."

"Well, as I said, he came up to me and put his arms around me, and rather hugged me, while I got excited and rose frustrated, and it was a long time ago, and I don't know but what I might have hugged him back a little. Then I felt—but now just clear out every one of you, I shan't tell you any more."

"Goodness, gracious, no, Aunt Sally. Tell us how you felt. Didn't you feel good, and what did he do next?"

"Oh, such torments as you are! I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know that the house where I lived was one of the back streets of the town. There were glass doors in the parlor, which opened right over the street, and no balcony or anything of the kind in front of the house. As it was in the summer season these doors were open and the shutters just drawn to. I stepped back a little from him, and when he edged up close I pushed him away again. I pushed harder than I intended to, and don't you think the poor fellow lost his balance and fell through one of the doors into the street? Yes, it's so. As he fell I gave a scream and caught him—but I declare I won't tell anything more. I'm going to leave the room!"

"No, no, Aunt Sally! How did you catch him? Did it hurt him much?"

"Well, if I must I must. He fell head first, and as he was going I caught him by the leg of his trousers I held on for a minute and tried to pull him back, but his suspenders gave way, and the poor young man fell clear out of his pantaloons into a whole parcel of ladies and gentlemen passing along the street."

"Oh, Aunt Sally, Lordy, Lordy! He, he!"

"There, that's right; giggle and squeal as much as you want to. Girls that can't hear about a little thing like that without tearing around the room, and he-be-ing in such a way don't know enough to come home when it

Baby Drugging.

A simple sense of "fair play" would seem to demand that infants who have succeeded in establishing a foothold in the outer world of fits and fevers, teething and tubs, should be, if not aided, at least unharmed in the unequal battle against a host of morbid influences which they have to wage during the first five years of life. But such is not the case. As if the odds were not already sufficiently against them, mothers, nurses, and patent-medicine vendors form themselves into a reserve corps and harass the flanks and rear of the small defenseless body while the regular army of disease stacks its centre.

The most destructive weapon used in this perniciosa warfare is opium or some of its derivatives. From the plain paregoric of an earlier period to the disguised carminatives and soothing syrups of the present day, opiates in some form have been by thousands habitually administered to young children, and numerous deaths, and still more narrow escapes from death, have there occurred and are not daily occurring. A letter from a druggist, calls attention to the enormous sale of a preparation known as "Soothing Syrup," an analysis of which is alleged to detect a large percentage of morphine, and from which several cases of narcotic poisoning have been reported in medical periodicals of high authority. Now it is well known that not only are children proportionately less tolerant than adults of the action of opiates, but that in them the operations of these drugs is exceedingly capricious and uncertain; and hence medical writers are unanimous in impressing the utmost caution in their administration to young children. Hoffman states that opiates are dangerous to children not only in their immediate effects, but as leading, in some instances, to "permanent mental imbecility and loss of muscular power," and warns against the popular custom of giving anodynes for slight attacks of colic or other pain. Trousseau asserts that he has frequently seen infants poisoned by a dose of wine of opium containing not more than one hundredth of a grain of opium. Hundreds of cases are recorded in which children ranging in age from a few days to a year or more, have been fatally poisoned by preparations containing opiates, and thousands of other invalids are suffering the consequences of a drugged infancy.

The Green Spot.

The late Noah Winslow was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life, and he never closed the narrative but with swimming eyes:—

"During the financial crisis and crash of '57, when heavy men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs."

"The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of his bills receivable and bill-payable, and his report was, that twenty thousand dollars of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go to the board—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street and among my friends, but in vain."

"Two whole days I strove, and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk expecting every moment to hear our junior sounding the terrible words, 'our paper is protested!' when a gentleman entered my department unannounced. I could not look at him, nor call him to mind any way."

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear you are in need of money."

"The very face of the man inspired me with confidence, and I told him how I was situated."

"Make your individual note, for one year, without interest, for twenty thousand dollars, and I will give you a check, payable in gold for the amount."

"While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued, 'You don't remember me; but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the Superintendent School Committee of Bradford. I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but a shabby clad child, though clean. When our class came on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by.'

"But it was not as I thought. In the end you passed by all the others, and came to me. You laid your hand on my head, and told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me the way to honor and renown were open to all alike, no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on. That, sir, was the turning point of my life. From that hour my soul has aspired, and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered and am wealthy; and now I offer you but a poor return for the good wealth you gave me in that bygone time."

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold; and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

"In possession," he said with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned granddaughter! Oh, hearts like that man's are what bring earth and heaven nearer together!"

A FRENCHMAN, named Pat Mulrooney, had a kicking horse that he wanted to get rid of, but found it very difficult. At last he entered him at Herkness's Bazaar, and warranted him a sound and kind, and free from the sickness of the animal, and he was sold for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Pat was afraid the horse would show his bad qualities before the money was paid so he wanted to hurry up the bargain, and the way he did it was this:—

"He went to the purchaser and said, 'You can't have the horse, sir.' 'Why not? Did I buy him?' said the purchaser. 'Yes, you bought him,' said Pat, 'but I've been offered more money for him, and you can't have him. Besides he bites.' 'I don't care for that,' said the buyer. 'But he kicks like the devil,' said Pat, 'and he'll smash anything you'll hit him with.' 'Well I'm going to pay for him now, and take the risk,' said the buyer, 'and if he kicks, I'll never call on you to take him back.' The fellow took the horse home and as soon as he attempted to put him on a wagon, he smashed it all to pieces. It was too

Confession of Von Bodenber.

The Huntingdon Monitor of last week publishes the confession of Albert Bodenber, one of the parties recently convicted of the murder of the Peightal family. There is little more in the confession than was plainly proven on the trial. He denies completely in the killing but not to be an accessory. He says that he became acquainted with Bohner (Charles Moore) at a boarding house in Altoona some time in August or September last. That Bohner told him there was a German farmer living between Huntingdon and Broad Top that had plenty of gold; that he had frequently stopped there when on his way to the mines. At Dudley, to Huntingdon; that the old farmer told him he had gold; that at one time he was going to show it to him, but some one called him out to the road to talk, and when he came back he forgot to get it out. While at work in Altoona they did not save much money, and when they were paid off in the month of October, they had not enough left to buy tobacco. Bodenber proposed to go down to Huntingdon and steal the old miner's money. They went to the house of Peightal once before the murder. Bodenber says he was willing to steal the money from the old man, but protested against committing murder. Carlyle proposed to kill the family. Bodenber says he would not agree to have any hand in it. Carlyle then agreed he would not kill them, but would get a couple of pistols to scare them and make them leave the house. He says they slept in Peightal's barn on the night of the 13th November, and in the house on the night of the 14th, but did not get an opportunity to steal the money in consequence of Mrs. Peightal bolting all the bedroom doors. On the night of the murder, Nov. 17th, he walked up and down the railroad track and kept watch, while Carlyle went to the house to get the money; that Carlyle did the work himself and brought out to him a large bundle of clothes and also gave him a package of \$100 in notes, and told him he had gold and silver which he would divide with him at another time. The bundle was so heavy that Carlyle could not carry it himself, and they sat down on the road and divided it. He merely affirms what was proven in reference to their coming to Huntingdon taking the cars to Altoona, their arrest, attempt to get out of the lockup, &c. In conclusion he reiterates his innocence, and says that Carlyle has all along promised him that he would make confession and relieve him of blame, but has failed to do it. He further says that he did not steal the carpenter tools, the finding of which in his possession, caused him to be sent to penitentiary from this country. They were sold to him by a man named Shultz, who had stolen them; and after he sold them he left the country. The whole story reads well, but the circumstances are against its credibility.

Brain Workers and Muscle Workers.

The *Proteological Journal* protests against the incorrect idea that those who gain a livelihood by the exercise of their minds, are less entitled to the honorable appellation of laborers, than those who employ chiefly their arms. It is thought by some people, especially, those who have but little education, and are obliged to work at some laborious calling, that all the professions are very easy; and they often say that the lawyer, the minister, the teacher, the physician, earn their money with little or no labor. Such persons seem to think that the man who does not raise a bushel of corn, make a horse-shoe, or work trees up into cord-wood or lumber, is not a producer, and therefore is a pensioner upon the bounty and leniency of the world. We hold that the thinker, the brain laborer, and especially the teacher who instructs the young in all that pertains to literature and science, is as really a producer as he who uses his knowledge towards the accomplishment of business purposes. The teacher who instructs the pupil how to keep accounts, and qualifies him of commerce, banking and other business, contributes as essentially to the acquisition of property as he does who keeps the accounts, plans the business, and works out the result. One might say that the grindstone is not a producer because it never cuts down trees, or hews timber, or mows grass, or plows boards; but the axe the scythe and the plain are useless without the sharp edge which the grindstone imparts. So the human mind sent out into the world without the sharpening influence of education cannot help its way to success with facility. Let the teacher then feel that he is the main spoke in the wheel of the world's success, and while doing his duty faithfully and nobly, let him stand erect as one of the world's noblemen.

God's Gift to Man.

Let all read the following beautiful apostrophe to water, by Paul Benton:—"Not in the summering still, over smoking fire, cooked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essences of life—pure, cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deers wander and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it, and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitter like gold in the sun; where the burricano howls music; where big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drops; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees seem turned to living jewels; tracing a golden vale over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the moon, sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding bright snow curtains softly above the wintry world, and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of the earth, whose loom is the saug-beam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of retraction—still always it is beautiful, that blessed cold water. No poisoning bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness or murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no shrieking ghosts from the grave courses in words of despair. Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol!"

Is the Bible the Word of God?

"The Bible the word of God? No!" says a young sceptic, who has been reading an infidel book. "No! it is the invention of man."

But the Bible claims to be the word of God, does it not?

"Yes; the men who wrote it pretend that they spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and that what they said, was 'Thus saith the Lord'; but that was only a cunning deception, in order to make men the more readily believe it."

If the Bible is not what it claims to be, it is, you think, an imposture, and its writers were deceivers and liars. "Yes, that is what I believe."

Good men would not lie and deceive, would they?"

"Of course not!"

Then the Bible, you are sure, could not have been written by good men? "I believe it was."

Now answer me candidly, does the Bible condemn sin, and threaten bad men with punishment?"

"Yes!"

Does it forbid and condemn lying and deception?"

"Yes!"

Does it declare that liars shall perish, that Ananias for lying was struck dead; and that false prophets shall speak desec in the name of the Lord, and all who love and make a lie shall be shut out of the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"It does!"

And would bad men—false prophets, deceivers and liars—make a book that condemn their own sins, and threaten themselves with everlasting punishment?"

"They would not be likely to do so, certainly!"

Then the Bible could not have been written by bad men, could it?"

"I must admit, it is not easy to see how it could!"

Social Wine Drinking.

At an Episcopal convention, a discussion on temperance brought up the "wine question." A part of the clergy advocated its entire disuse, and a part took the other side. At length an influential clergyman rose and made a vehement argument in favor of wine, denouncing the radical reformers for attempting to banish this token of hospitality from use. When he had resumed his seat a layman, trembling with emotion, rose, and asked if it was allowable for him to speak. The chair having signified that he would be heard, he said: "Mr. Moderator, it is not my purpose, in rising to answer the learned argument you have just listened to. My object is more humble, and I hope more practical. I once knew a father, in moderate circumstances, who was at much inconvenience to educate a beloved son at college. Here the son became dissipated; after he had graduated, and returned to his father, the influence of home, acting upon a generous nature, actually reformed him. The father was overjoyed at the prospect that his cherished hope of other days was still to be realized. Several years passed, when the young man having completed his professional studies, and being about to leave his father's abode, he invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman distinguished for hospitality and social qualities. At this dinner, wine was introduced and offered to this young man, who refused. This was repeated and the young man was ridiculed for his singular abstinence. The young man was strong enough to over come appetite, but he could not resist the cue. He drank, and fell, and from that moment became a confirmed drunkard. Mr. Moderator continued the old man, with streaming eyes, 'I am the father; and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just taken his seat that his token of hospitality ruined the son I shall never cease to mourn.'"

Delicate Announcement.

A message passed over the wires a few days ago which read thus:

"I am, fellows," remarked an idler to several of his companions, "let's see who can tell the biggest lie."

"All right," said one; "I'm the big-

A Fashionable Woman's Prayer.

Dear Lord, have mercy on my soul, and please let me have the French set; that I saw at Stearn's this morning; for with black lace flowers and over-skirt, that dress would be very becoming to me, I know. If you grant my request, please let me have a new black lace shawl also, dear Lord.

I knelt before Thee to-night, feeling perfectly happy, for Madam Limb's has sent me home such a lovely bouquet! A most heavenly little bouquet, composed of white satin, with corns-trach tubes. For this favor I am feeling very grateful.

Give me, I pray Thee, an humble heart and a new green silk with point lace trimmings. Let me not grow too fond of this vain and deceitful world like other women, but make me exceedingly gentle and aristocratic. When the winter fashions come, I'll then suit my style of society, and let there be plenty of pailures, pailures, ruffles and flounces; for I'd very like to see them all.

Oh, Lord, let business detain my husband at H—, for he is not wanted at home at present. I wish to remain acquainted with the tall, dark-fac'd fore-aver, who is staying at Col. Legg-fellow's opposite. Bring about an introduction, I beseech Thee, for Mrs. Longfellow will not. Bless my children, and please send them a good card, for I have neither the time nor inclination to look after them myself. Amen. Oh, Lord, take care of my wheel shop, and pray keep watch over my diamonds. Amen.

New Varieties of Oats.

The signs of the times, even now in advance of the season, lead us to expect clearly that the excitement and speculation in the farming community for 1870, is not to be confined to the potato. This latter is a rapidly growing improvement and renovation by new and more productive varieties. Wonderful things are told about the production of Norway oats, and the quality of the grain is said to be superior to any other variety of oats raised in the north, or at that rate. This is so entirely beyond anything known or heard of as to be scarcely credible. 20 bushels of seed may have been sown out on a quarter of an acre, and have grown from a single seed. We have samples in our office of both varieties produced from what is believed to be the highest quality of the seed, and best. We shall take pleasure in laying a sack about them and other new varieties before our readers if there is any way to do it. What are the reports about the Agricultural Fair at Washington? We get a small package of this and thought it was the best and best we had ever seen.—*Friend Farmer*

To Make Paper Transparent.

Artists, architects, land surveyors, and who have occasion to make use of tracing paper in their professional duties, will be glad to know that any paper capable of the transfer of a drawing in ordinary ink, pencil or water colors, and that green without drawing paper can be made transparent as the thin, yellowish paper at present used for tracing purposes. The liquid used is simple. If the paper is dampened with pure and fresh distilled benzene, it is once removed, and the process of tracing is complete, and the drawing is set completely. The requisite portion of the paper may be again dampened with the benzene, and the process of tracing may be repeated as often as desired. The paper becomes its opacity as the benzene evaporates, and if the drawing is not completed, the requisite portion of the paper may be again dampened with the benzene. The transparent paper on which indelible tracings can be made, was a most valuable invention, and the new discovery of the properties of benzene will prove of further service to many branches of the art profession. It is also the use of oil paper which formerly only a very slight degree could be used.

The Part They Liked.

A singular case has just been detailed in Naples, in the *Dixie Tribune*, who is looked upon as a second Daniel come to judgment. A very rich and bigoted Italian died and left his property to a convent of monks, with the proviso that the brethren should give his son, a deserving young man, what part they liked. The monks took possession of their legacies, and offered a very small portion of it to the rightful heir, but instead of accepting it the youth carried the case before Ossola. Having heard both sides of the matter, he turned to the magistrate who administered the will and asked his surprise that a man so famous as a lawyer should have so wrongly interpreted the terms of the testament, which ordained that the monks should give the testator's son the part they liked. When they offered him fifty thousand dollars, and proposed to settle the two hundred and ten thousand remaining, it was quite plain that the greater sum was the part they liked; consequently the monks were ordered to carry out the terms of the will and pay the amount they preferred to the testator's heir. And it was so decreed.

Hints to Farmers.

An exchange has the following: "Don't buy a piano for your daughter while your sons need a plow."

"Don't let your horses be seen standing much at the tavern door; it don't look right."

"Don't give the merchant a chance to dupe you. Prompt payments make independent men."

"Keep good fences, especially line fences; they promote good feelings among neighbors."

A decent substantial clothing for your children makes them thing better of themselves, and keeps the doctors away."

"Don't starve your land; if you do, you'll grow lean."

"Don't buy patent rights to sell again."

"Don't become surety for him who waits for the sheriff."

"Buy a farm wagon before a fine carriage."

"If you have a yoke of oxen, you'll be ashamed of them, and give your note for a span of horses."

"Don't run for a constable; you may get it, and let the plover stand."

"Touch your sons to look up and for ward, never down or backward."

"Don't leave to memory what should be done."